If you intend no good pray doe no harme.

Liui. None but pray for yee. Exit Liuia.

Mari. Now Bianca.

Bian Cheere wench

Mari. Those wits wee haue, let's wind 'em to y^e^ height
My rest is vp wench, and I pull for that
will make me euer famous, they that lay
foundations are halfe builders all men say. Enter Jaques.

Jaques. My master forsooth,

Mari. O. how does thy Master, prethee commend me to him.

Jaq. How's this? My master stayes, forsooth.

Mar. Why lett him stay, who hinders him forsooth,

Jaq. The reuells ended now to visit you.

Mar. I am not sick

Jaq. I meane to see his chamber forsooth.

Mar. Am I his groome, where lay he last night forsooth?

Jaq. In the low matted parlour

Mari. There lyes his way, by the long gallerie.

Jaq I meane your chamber, you are very merry M^rs^

Maria. 'Tis a good signe I am sound harted Jaques:
but if you will know where I lye, follow me,
& what thou seest deliuer to thy M^r^

Bian. Doe gentle Jaques. —— Exeunt Maria & Bian.

Jaq. Ha! is the wind in that doore?
birlady we shall haue fowle weather then,
I doe not like the shuffling of these women,
they are mad beasts, when they knock their heads;
I haue obserued em all this day, their whispers
one in anothers eare, their signes, and pinches,
and breaking often into violent laughters,
as if the end they purpos'd, were their owne,

Call

Call you these weddings? sure this is knauery,
a very ranck, and daintie knauery,
meruelous finely caried, that's the comfort.
what would these women doe in wayes of Honor,
that are such masters this way? well my Sir
has been as good at finding out these toyes
as any liuing, if he loose it now
at his owne perill be it. I must follow. Exit.

Enter Seru^ts^ with lights, Petruchio, Petronius
Moros^o^, Tranio, Sophocles.

Petruc You that are maried gentlemen, haue at y^e^,
for a round wager now.

Sop. Of this night stage?

Petr. Yes.

Sop I am your first man, a paire of gloues of 20 shillings.

Petru. Done; who takes me vp els? I am for all bets.

Moro. Faith lusty Laurence, were but my night now
old as I am, I would make you clap on spurres,
but I would reach you, and bring you to
you troth too; I would gallant.

Petru. Well said good will; but where's the stuffe boy? ha?
old father tyme your houre glasse is emptie.

Petron. See how these boyes dispise vs, well son, well
this pride will haue a fall,

Petru. Vpon your daughter,
but I shall rise againe if there be truth,
in eggs and butter'd parsnepps.

Petron. Will you to bed sonne, and leaue talking
to morrow morning we shall haue you looke
for all your great words like S^t^ George at Kingston
running a foote back from the furious dragon,

That